

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXI.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1864.

NUMBER 137.

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT
TO THE COUNTRY.

ONE YEAR.....\$12.00

SIX MONTHS.....6.00

ONE MONTH.....1.00

Notice to Mail Subscribers.

Subscribers are supplied with a notice of the date their subscription begins, ten days in advance of the time and again with a notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the run of their accounts, and to renew in time set to make an issue of the paper.

We have been told by a post whose wisdom was so great that he was Gray from the cradle to the grave, that full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweethearts on the desert air. He causally remarks in the same connection that some mute inglorious Milton here may rest; could it know the fancies of Spring, More stalwart grown in the warm days of June, And charged from youth to Siemester more mature, For had his pen insatiate beauty, To mourn, nor never more his love-born plaint Spoken to the tell-tale gossip forest leaves: Would come to share the dute starlight, Worn daily with a thousand floral guerns, Dressed with roses, and garlands where the bairns And letting a blushing rosewood, rose What should he be so rude and bold with love; And Morning Glories on the garden wall Would close their eyes upon his ardent gaze, Yet limously open them at the dawn.

I left this aaron Spring, this love sick fawn, And as I turned I thought how like to life, To human life, this little episode.

CINCINNATI, November 27, 1864.

The King of Dahomey and his Slave.

(From Burton's "Mission to the King of Dahomey.")

The only other peculiarity in the country is the custom of the slaves, who are buried on the ground before and a little to the left of royalty. They contain the calvaries of the three chief among forty kings or petty chiefs, said to have been destroyed by Golele, and they are rarely absent from the royal levees. A European world imagines these relics to be treated with mockery, whereas the contrary is the case. See the King Simmenken (Adashooze) who has met with a variety of adventures and mishaps. They have, in some instances, been shorn of their fair proportions, in others laid claim to by ambitious aspirants for poetical honors, and again have been exposed to them a romantic history quite sufficient on which to found a three-volume novel. An instance of the latter kind we find in the Merced Banner, a California newspaper, editing which one J. W. contributed the following history of the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." They have been published by nearly every newspaper in the land, printed in books, set to music, and sung and recited in thousands of households. The sentiments they breath of a longing for a mother's care and a return to the unburdened hours of childhood come home to the hearts of all who have experienced—and who has not?—the weary world.

Like the poor which have attained a wide newspaper circulation, these verses have met with a variety of adventures and mishaps. They have, in some instances, been shorn of their fair proportions, in others laid claim to by ambitious aspirants for poetical honors, and again have been exposed to them a romantic history quite sufficient on which to found a three-volume novel.

An instance of the latter kind we find in the Merced Banner, a California newspaper, editing which one J. W. contributed the following history of the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

It is now a Northern man, who never won a battle. It includes the dull lawyer, whose cause never gained; the worn mechanic, whose competence never comes, and the private soldier, who, with an imperfect understanding of the cause in which he fights, lays down his life more nobly and generously than the gilded commander, who, perhaps, understands it still less.

In a word, it is the unsuccessful man or woman wherever found. We know it is popularly said that "where there's a will there's a way"—a maxim evidently got up by a successful man, to which the best reply is a quotation from a Scotch ballad:

"They say there's luck and work for a',
And none like me for both; who win
Are not the judge o' losers."

It is easy for Pomponius Plutus or Julius Caesar Nenibis, who have won in war and wealth, to scorn their less successful rivals. It is harder for him, who has strive and toiled with hard fortune always against him, to keep a stiff upper lip and still keep battling on for a lost and fallen cause.

The courage of the last far exceeds the other. We admire the soldier, cheered by the hope of victory, who nobly struggles to win it, and this is the courage of the unsuccessful man. But does it equal that of the British regiments in a sinking transports, which, with colors flying and drums beating, went down, cheering, into the abyss of the great deep? This, or more than this, is the courage of the unsuccessful hero, who battles against the sling and arrow of outrageous fortune, and still keeps a stiff upper lip all the while.

We jostle such persons every day in our daily walk; chat a moment, and leave them with an answering smile, without knowing that in the casing armor of duty they hide a heart that beats with no hope of triumph this side of the grave. We speak of them as unlucky or improvident without knowing the alphabet of that great book of individuality in which is recorded their struggle and failures.

If brave and generous, ho or she, in return looks at the successful rival with honest, unaffected admiration. If embittered by calamity, he whispers, as a recompence that mocks success:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole that keeps the wind away."

Nothing is sadder than to meet such a one, who, striving honestly to the best of his ability, now in the mere and yellow leaf, and whose life is but a series of uninterrupted mistakes and failures. Inevitably the leaves of his life turn backward, like Herkules's sun, and we see him in the morning of life, when its promise was new. In his heart then only the peans of coming victory rang. The earth, in its wretchedness, was strown with flowers, and fruits hung pendant from leafy boughs, only awaiting his grasp. Every stream ran aPadolina river over golden sands. Fame sounded her silver trumpet to his honor, and Love took up the harp of life and smote the chord of Self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight—for all was grand, peaceful, beautiful, by the flowing river of Alce.

Ah! well-a-day, Time has come with relentless fate in every foot-fall. The friends and competitors of his youth have passed over him, crunching and grinding him with their armed heels. The battle is fought—and lost. The flower has withered and the fruit has turned to ashes on his lips. The Herald, Fame, sounds other names than his in the lists, and, mayhap, even the harp of Love jingles like sweet bells out of tune.

A jovial company once we heard a youth, fresh from college, vaunting his triumphs, when a companion warned him not to be too boastful, as he might find out "he wasn't so much after all." "Well," said the other, "but I haven't found it out yet." "Haven't you?" was the cool reply; "well, all the rest of us have." So with the unsuccessful man; we soon find out how much he is, and on some bitter day he finds the truth too. God pity him, then, and give him strength to bear it.

The fields where armed battalions meet is not the only battlefield in this world. There are others, where the dead and wounded fall more thickly. Here one has lost a good right arm; another limps on crutches all the rest of his days, and still

another has all the hopeful life knocked out of him by a brother's bullet in that great civil war. It is not a pleasant field always for the eyes of the mind to look upon.

We do not consent, with it before us, to the felicity that whatever is right, or the good cause is always triumphant. In plain, idiomatic English, the good cause sometimes gets most confoundingly foisted out, as some of us have good reason to know. The sayings are like another broad pile of wisdom offered to the unfortunate. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small!" Who the what-you-may-call it cere to hear if his body and bones and brains are being crushed up in the relentless machinery—although they have ground out some exceeding small things in their latter days? It is a felicity, and the gods have nothing to do with it.

It is to no such miserable humbugging the unsuccessful man will turn. On earth—for we will not speak upon the surer consolations above—let him keep a stiff upper lip, and work in the dark of fortune as in the daylight, trusting with likewise that something will turn up. It doesn't, he has lost nothing.

It fails to win the good will of fame and fortune, still the pomp and circumstance of big deeds are not the only worthy achievements. Time sometimes whitewashes down their mighty performances into very pawky trifles, that perish in the deepest of years.

Seemingly lesser thing-lives. As, far down in the solid rocks that rib the earth, the grubbing geologist finds the imprint pistol leaf and stamp of an ephemeral flower, while all the mighty and magnificent of its day have perished forever.

A Story of General Sherman.

The Baltimore Clipper tells the following story:

A distinguished official, who was lately at the headquarters of Gen. Sherman, gives us the following anecdote of the latter, in the necessity under which he lay of sitting in judgment on a certain class of men in Atlanta, when that place was evacuated by the citizens. Writing as our friend says:

"Let me give you a little incident which took place in my presence at Sherman's house in Atlanta."

"But will remember that an order was pro-

mulgated directing all civilians to leave Atlanta (North or South) within "twelve days."

"The day of its issue a gentleman entered Sherman's office and inquired for the General. The letter answered in this way, very promptly, "I am General Sherman." The colloquy was very nearly as follows:

"General Sherman—"What kind of property do you own, sir? Perhaps I will make an exception in your case, sir."

"Citizen—"I own a block of stores, three dwelling houses, two miles out of town, and a foundry."

"General Sherman—"Foundry, eh? What have you been doing with your foundry?"

"Citizen—"I have been making castings."

"General Sherman—"What kind of castings? Shot and shell, and all that kind of thing?"

"Citizen—"Yes, I have made some shot and shell."

"General Sherman—"You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you? and you still claim favor with the government?"

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"General Sherman—"You

Daily Democrat

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HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

OFFICE—

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

SUNDAY, DEC. 4, 1864.

CITY NEWS.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Saturday, Dec. 8.—Charles Rosch, Wm. Devlin, and John Quinn, obtaining money under false pretenses from J. M. Force; discharged.

Jolla McGauley, drunkenness and disorderly conduct; \$100 for two months.

Conner Caldwell, drunk and abusing his family; discharged.

Van Reed and James Winston, destroying the property of Mary Janes; \$300 to answer.

Robert Mansfield (L. M. C.), drunk and disorderly; \$100 to be of good behavior.

Pat Fowley, drunk and disorderly; \$300 for three months.

John Glendener, stealing a silver watch from John Pfeifer; for stealing discharged; fined \$5 for being drunk.

Wm. Whalen, stealing one cutting-sabre and a set of harness from Col. Alexander; ball in \$300 to answer in the Circuit Court.

Charles Hines, alias Moore, stealing a coat from J. M. Melbourne; worth over \$4; ball in \$300 to answer in the Circuit Court.

Mary Foster, stealing a carpet sack and some clothing from G. B. Hobert; discharged. Several ordinance warrants were disposed of.

It has grown to be a common thing for young men to congregate upon the sidewalks in front of the doors of our churches every Sabbath morning, and in front of the Cathedral every Sunday afternoon. If young men make it a rule to go to church to "see and be seen," let them go inside, sit quietly down, pay more attention to the sermons and less to the ladies and themselves, and when the congregation is dismissed, let them go quietly away from the house of worship, and not stand gaping into the ladies' faces, with their eyes and mouths open, seem ing as agreeably surprised as if a man's head had been turned loose, and they were rejoicing that they were seeing the show for nothing. Young men, you need not look upon the ladies as curiosities, for you are only "food for fun" in their eyes.

SOLDIERS ATTACKED.—On Friday night a soldier went into a confectionery on Broadway street, kept by a fellow named Aug. Simms, and asked for a glass of beer. Aug. Simms and the soldier got into a quarrel, during which three men came out of a back room, jumped on the soldier, took his pistol and \$5 away from him, and helped Simms to beat him in a scismatic manner, after which they pushed him out of the house. Simms was arrested and is now confined in the guard-house at the barracks. The other parties made their escape.

CITY.—Yesterday was rather a pleasant one. The streets and crossings were in a muddy condition, but the sidewalks were in due condition for walking upon. Business was not scarce, rumors of war were plentiful, but not reliable. Arrests were very few, and military matters dull. In the afternoon a rush was made by the ladies and children for the matinees at the theaters, both of which were crowded to their utmost capacity. The day passed off very quietly, and the night was equally so quiet.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.—Marriage Licenses have been issued to the following persons by the clerk of the Jefferson County Court from the 25th of November to the 1st instant:

Wm. Lierer and Rachel Weller; Michael Beck and Christina Pleicher; Samuel Ritschle and Anna May; John Schmid and Anna Schmid; Nicholas Huber and Margaret McCarty; Samuel C. Gline and Nancy A. Conner; Charles E. and Olive A. Dunn; Jacob A. and Anna A. Taylor; James K. Lenon and Emily Mitchell; Joseph B. Barnum and Lillian Moore; C. B. Marcell and Letitia Pennebaker; John Graham and Sarah J. Canale; George H. and Mary M. Thompson; Daniel Austin J. Denning and Kate Ellsworth; J. A. and Anna A. Taylor; Peter Reutter and Louisa Schenckebacher; James Wells and Elizabeth Mooney; Martin Horn and Catherine Rieden.

RENTAL OFFICERS AND PRISONERS.—One hundred and thirteen commissioned rebel officers and four hundred and sixty-seven privates, all prisoners, captured by our forces in the engagement near Franklin, arrived here yesterday morning, and were paroled to the military prison. Among the officers were Brig. Gen. W. Gordon, Vaughn's brigade; Col. R. F. Crittenden, 38th Alabama; Col. Virgil S. Murphy, 17th Alabama; Maj. Will A. Taylor, 24th Texas cavalry, and Maj. John K. Allen, 30th Mississippi. The Captains and Lieutenants mostly belonged to Tennessee and Alabama regiments. Another large lot of privates were expected to arrive last night, there being upwards of seven hundred to be shipped from Nashville to this city.

IMPOSTERS.—We learn that parties have visited several residences within the past few days in this city and begged money, clothing, &c., saying it was for the poor refugees; they were to keep what they got to the "poor refugee"; they will sell the money and sell the clothing. Look out, impostors; you are being duped to sleep.

BARRACKS NO. 1.—Yesterday was a week day of business at the Barracks. There were no transfers on account of no trains going to or from Nashville. The only soldiers received at the Barracks were deserters—those coming from Chickasaw, six from Cairo, and three from Indianapolis, all of whom were in the army.

CONVICTED.—The only case tried in the Circuit Court yesterday was that of Edward Heathorne, charged with the murder of his wife, Terese, on the 25th of October last. The case was duly argued by J. Hopkings and Martin Bijan for the prosecution, and J. P. Gilbreath and R. A. Hamilton for the defense. The jury retired for a short time and returned with a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced the condemned to ten years confinement in the penitentiary.

GUMMIES AT SCHOOL.—On last Wednesday three guerrillas went to Mr. McCown's Forest Home Academy, and surrounded the school house. One of them demanded all the "woopens" the boys had. Such another turning of pockets inside out was never seen before. They succeeded in getting a broken-backed Ballow knife, a brass barrel pistol, besides earing the lessons out of the boys for the day. They rode off without "chawing up" any of them.

REV. H. H. COLE.—Rev. H. H. Cole, of New York, the newly elected Rector of Calvary Church, on Third street in this city (in place of Rev. E. Livingston Wells, whose resignation took effect on the first of October last), has arrived and will enter upon his pastoral duties this day, December 4th. Preaching at 11 o'clock a.m. and at 7 p.m.

PERMITA.—The following number of permits have been issued during the past week at Post headquarters:

General permits.....\$1
Special permits.....\$1
Shipping permits.....\$1
Ammunition permits.....\$1

RHAN AND CALHOUN'S MINSTRELS.—This popular troupe had another large audience last night. To-morrow night they give the last of their series of concerts, and we hope they will meet their usual success. Let the house be crowded.

OFFICER RAILED.—Officer Hall yesterday arrested a man who had in his possession a large lot of stolen clothing, a portion of which was marked London. The clothing can be seen at the office of the Chief of Police.

DEBTORS ARRESTED.—Osha. Marshall was arrested yesterday as a deserter. Adam McHenry, Sr., Catharine, Canade, was also seized on the same charge.

HEAVY WEST.—Adams Express Company messenger, too far behind for Cincinnati and Eastern papers of yesterday, in advance of the mails.

W. F. COWK.—W. F. Cowk was unsuccess fully released from military custody yesterday. He, we believe, was the only person released.

ONE OTHER'S PASSES.—All the other's passes have been issued at the office of the Provost Marshal during the week.

ARMED FORCES.—Louisville Tribune.—The beautiful and highly accomplished equestrienne actress, Miss Lee Hindson, closed the first week of her engagement at this theater last evening to another good house. Her engagement so far has proved the most successful ever played in the city of Louisville. She commences the second week of her engagement on Monday evening, with the beautiful and affecting drama of "Dick Turpin."

WOODS' THEATER.—The talented "Bonnie and Newton Alliance" were again favored with a sold-out house last evening. They are rapidly establishing themselves permanently in the good graces of our citizens, as is clearly evidenced by steadily increasing houses. They are re-engaged, and appear again on Monday evening in the plays of "Lydia, the Abandoned" and Robert "Macaire."

NEWTON'S MINSTRELS.—One of the best troops of Ethiopian delineators in the country will commence a series of their select and choice entertainments in the Masonic Temple on Tuesday evening next. We refer to Newton's troupe, who have gained a world-wide reputation, and who are among the best and most masters of their several parts. Newton's is the big man of the burst cork school. He is one of the favorite men "in the house now," and we know that his troupe are No. 1 in the profession. The troupe selected is one which cannot fail to please the most fastidious audience in the Union, and we feel satisfied the house will be more than crowded.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.—Selected and prepared for the Sunday Democra-

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY BURMAN.

Forgetful of the past!—the cherished past? I may and reverse the very mention of the time when I in simple joy sang songs of glee—Danced in my boyish pride to childhood's gentle chime.

Forgetful of my friends?—my dearest friends? Ah! never will life's feeble lamp leave me bright ray,

Or cast its glimmering beams to light my path,

Can I forget the inspiration of this lay,

A gentle rose may bloom and early die,

But leaves the mother tree all beautiful and bright;

When friendship's rose fades from the bosom tree,

This clay will crumble 'neath the sod and plow-

ing blight.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., Dec. 1st, 1864.

Season of Ten Nights Only.

UPWARDS OF

SEWING MACHINES.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SUPERIOR

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

175,000

OF THESE MACHINES ARE NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION IN THE UNITED STATES, AND THE COMPANY HAVE YET TO LEARN OF A SINGLE INSTANCE, WHEN OUR INVENTIONS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED, THAT ENTERS AND FULL SATISFACTION HAS NOT BEEN OBTAINED.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES ARE BY FAR THE CHEAPEST EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, SO AS TO MAKE THEM THE BEST.

EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED FOR THREE YEARS.

LOCAL NOTICES.

WANTED—Two single gentlemen desire a furnished room, without board, within five or ten minutes walk of the post-office. Address D. G. D. D.

LODGING.

Leaven Monday, Nov. 28th, at 10 A.M. from city wharf.

The op end steamer.

For freight or passenger apply on board, or to

R. J. CAVEN, Agent, 127 Wall St.,

For Owensboro, Evansville, Henderson, Cairo and St. Louis.

Leaves Monday, Nov. 28th, at 10 A.M.

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